

Foreword

Winter
1959

at luncheon in the House, Cambridge
As I sat today with my husband and two ^{former} colleagues, one an associate of World War I & II, the other more nearly a colleague of mine of World II, reminiscences tumbled out one after the other. As befits a woman in the non-mathematical traditions of Cambridge I said little, but my own recollections began to boil up from the cauldron of memory. Some of them I shared: the German and Italian conspiracy against Great Britain in World War I; the ^{preparations for the} other wholly told story of the first overman Telegram; the experiences I shared with the guests on my left, the world renowned astrophysicist who had, ^{as I} ~~with me~~ occupied a by-path of endeavor in the battle of wits in WWII; on to the years since WWII with the developments in ^{the} decipherment or lack of progress in deciphering lost languages such as Linear B and the Mayan hieroglyphics. We questioned Sir

of King's College, knighted for his dis-
tinctions in government and university
circles in an effort to prod his memory
into recalling details of long forgotten
advised as: footnotes to history left
hitherto unwritten.

As ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~part~~ ^{part} and I said an adieu
to the now emeritus professor of astro-physics
who ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~pictured~~ ^{pictured} in my memory ~~always~~
always in uniform [because of the as-
sociation of the War years] the bomburg
and Chatterfield of today became ~~terrible~~
mentals and I saw the slight ~~figuring~~
in uniform again coming to my desk
and remembered that one of the sad
thoughts I had about V.E. Day was
that I would not be seeing his
cheery ruddy face again. Then
I remembered how I myself
folded my tent to steal away
after V-J Day. —

FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY Chapter

V.F. Day had long since come and gone. V-f Day too was now in the past and FINI to World War II had been written. Papers, records, were sorted; many of "work-sheets" were destroyed in the desire not to bury completely all posterity ^{manuscripts} under a paper manuskript; records deemed worthy of ^{obtaining for historical officials} ~~historical~~ ^{officials} were grouped, labelled, indexed, described and reverently dispatched to their sealed tombs in government vaults.

I signed the pledge that was ~~accepted~~ ^{affected} of all departing from the sacred precincts of **SECRECY** ~~where~~ the pledge never to reveal [at least without authority from on high], or even to refer to, any of the projects with which I had dealt during ~~the~~ the WWII. I walked down from the second floor

✓ gnebbysramshackle
of the temporary building with its flat
roof and thin walls in side which
the temperatures had risen in those
three war summers to many degrees
above 100; ~~on~~ ^{on} one occasion to 114
the thermometer registered 114, but there
~~is~~ ^{was} a war on, remember, ^{as is common} so there
was no early closing of offices; ^{every} ^{hot} ^{place}
I walked through the grounds of
the reservation, past the Marine
Guards who passed me through
the barbed wire enclosures; and
finally the last guard and the
East turnstile was transited.
It was on the sidewalk. I
was back in the world-at-
large, once more. I crossed the
street, the better to take my
farewell look. It was the end
of a Period, an Era. I knew
that, assuredly as to ^{subsequent} ^{future} ^{prospect},
I should never return to that ^{particular}
particular form of endeavor
again.

What of the future? During
the next few months I was con-

mitted to returning to the Treasury Department where I had been the chief of a small unit which had been picked up in toto and all bodies therein absorbed into the Navy for the last three years of ~~the~~ W.W.II. The work of my unit ^{before the war} had been to act as ~~the~~ ^{to ascertain} sleuths ~~of~~ the secret plans of smugglers and other law-breakers. We served the six law-enforcement agencies to the Treasury Department, all ^{agencies} under the supervision of one official called a Coordinator who reported to the Secretary of Treasury.

During the ~~prohibition~~ Prohibition Era those prolific smugglers, the "rum-runners", had given us a monumental task - to read their secret communications and beat them to their rendezvous; to trace their vast networks, to analyze their organi-

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gations and be able to predict
their plans; the narcotics
smugglers, so parsimonious,
~~so sparing~~ with their ^{secret} messages,
giving us so little "material"
to work with; the occasional
counterfeiting ring or tax-
evader who resorted to concealed
communication; all ~~these~~ ^{such} perso-
nages of my before-war career
passed through my mind. As I
stood there opposite the gatehouse
of the reservation I had just
gone out from forever, I was
convinced that the end of an
Era had come ~~for~~ during the
War for the smugglers, even more
irrevocably than the war itself
ended an Era. These "personages"
who had been the organizers, the
operators, the camp-followers, the
hangers-on of the Smuggling
Era, had all been forced to
find other avenues of activity.
During the war, the physical fact
of which was enough in itself

For the simple reason that there would
be no such communications

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to stop effectively all smuggling
activities ^{of any real importance}. And now though the
war had ended, I felt intuiti-
tively that the smugglers had cer-
tainly not rested during the
war but had undoubtedly
developed other and probably
even more profitable pursuits.
I was convinced that there would
be no significant developments
which would justify the Treasury
Department maintaining a
section to read hidden com-
munications of law-breakers.
But the Department was insistent
on being honorable: - civil service
law required that all persons
who had left for War Service must be
permitted to return to their
former positions. How was I
to convince them that for every
our small unit to return in
photo would be a waste of
the tax-payer's money? Well
I was determined to convince
them sooner or later, in the

6 Meantime I was returning. We should
delve into the ~~dirty~~ files, which
had been gathering dust for ^{four} years,
and again conduct a
campaign of sorting, discarding,
organizing, indexing and filing
records — thrilling records of
in many respects, detective
stories of high interest in many
cases. But these did not have
to go to the sealed vaults of ~~SECRET~~
To be sure, there were some ~~wonderful~~
chapters best forgotten, some obser-
vations which should for courtesy
sake never be made. But on the
whole it was a pleasant ^{thing!} ~~task~~
^{past had been rich in} accomplishment. ~~past~~. I should
see that everything was prepared
for posterity to comprehend
of posterity I ever chose to
examine the archives, the
history of that underworld
of smuggling which flourished
for 20 years from approximately
1920 to 1940. ~~Based in a past life~~

To re-live that past, then I was now
to direct my movements.

~~A~~

During the years where WWII became more ^{and more} imminent, our small section ^{had} become ~~the~~ ears and eyes ~~of the~~ against the espionage rings operating in the Western Hemisphere. When nations are ^{engaged in a} war wherein the United States is no combatant, it is the Treasury Department which enforces neutrality, not the Armed Services. This was dictated by the founding fathers. The years 1938 to December 1941 had been exciting, round-the-clock adventures, ~~as~~ ^{counter-} as we ^{spied} into the minds and activities of the agents attempting to ^{penetrate} into those of the United States. With the vast reorganizations following the end of the war, such titillating pursuits would be ~~to~~ denied ~~and~~ our Treasury unit, all such having been allotted to other agencies.

To re-live those two phases of my professional career as a ~~few~~ cryptanalyst, to file down ^{them} to a manageable bulk for storage for posterity, I must now direct ^{one} my activities, which ~~will~~ be my last ~~step~~ for the United States.